Now all the seruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other?
'Tis well *Lauinia* that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.
Lucius. Speake gentle sister who hath martered thee?
Marcus. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blabd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a sweet mellodious bird it sung,
Sweet varied notes inchaunting euery eare.
Lucius. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deede?
Marc. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deare
That hath receaude some vnrecuring wound.
Titus. It was my Deare, and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more then had he kild me dead:
For now I stand as one vpon a Rock,
Inuirond with a wildernes of Sea,
Who markes the waxing tide, grow waue by waue,
Expecting euer when some enuious surge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sonnes are gone,
Heere stands my other sonne, a banisht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes,
But that which giues my soule the greatest spurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my soule.
Had I but seene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me: what shall I doe,
Nowe I beholde thy liuely body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martered thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemnde, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah sonne *Lucius* looke on her,

When

When I did name her brothers
Stood on her cheekes, as doth
Vpon a gathred Lillie almost
Marc. Perchance she weep
Perchance becaus she knowe
Titus. If they did kill thy hu
Becaus the law hath tane reue
No, no, they would not doe so
Witnes the sorrow that their s
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kisse thy
Or make some signe how I may
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy
And thou and I sit round abou
Looking all downewards to be
How they are staind in meado
With miery slime left on them
And in the Fountaine shall we
Till the fresh taste be taken fro
And made a brine pit with our
Or shall we cut away our hand
Or shall we bite our tongues, a
Passe the remainder of our hat
What shall we doe? let vs that
Plot some deuise of further mi
To make vs wondred at in tim
Luci. Sweet father cease you
See how my wretched sister so
Mart. Patience deere Neece
Titus. Ah *Marcus, Marcus*,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a t
For thou poore man hast drow
Luci. Ah my *Lauinia* I will w
Titus. Mark *Marcus* marke,
Had she a tongue to speake, n

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